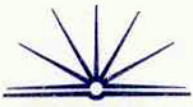




(1a) Sons can rise and fall; but when once our brief light falls we must sleep one perpetual night. Give me a thousand kisses, then a hundred; Then another thousand, then a second hundred; then yet another thousand, then a hundred. Then, when we have ~~made~~^{made} many thousand, we will mix them all up, so that we ~~cannot~~^{do not} know, or that no one evil can find out, how many kisses there have been.



- ① b) With each year passing this festive day removes the cork sealed with pitch from the wine jar, taught to drink smoke with Tullus as consul.
- Drink up, Maecenas, one hundred ladle fulls in honour of your friend who is now safe, & let the sleepless lanterns burn till light; & may all noise & anger be kept away.
- Cost away ~~in~~ the public concerns for the city: Cotiso is dead along with his Dacian army, the Parthians dangerous to themselves, are now at war with each other, & bring grief to themselves

with their own arms,

The Cantabrian of the Spanish Shore, our old enemy,

has at last been tamed by the chain & now even

the Scythians ~~with~~ from the Russian Steppes,

with loose bow consider withdrawal.

Not worrying, lest the people suffer some of life's

toils, stop being on guard excessively & become

a private citizen. ~~He~~ happily take up the gifts

the hour has to offer & leave the serious matters

to others.